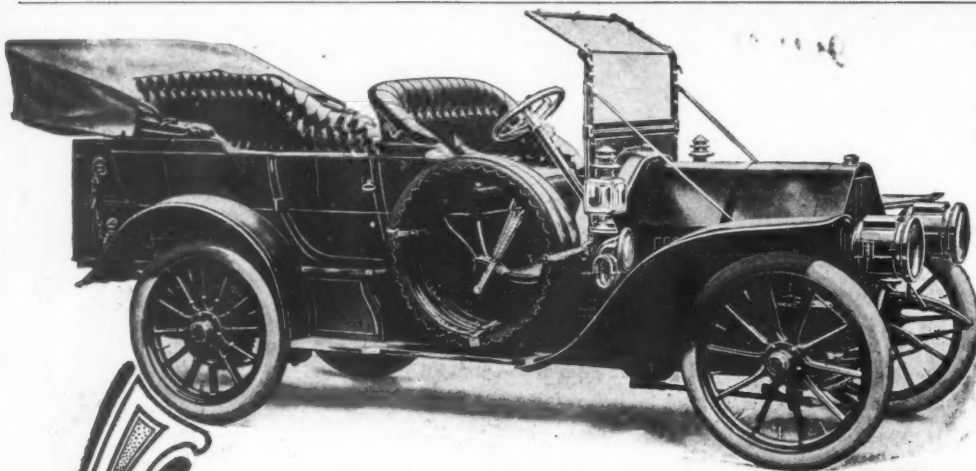


*The Squirrel:* I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY THE ONLY GIRL HE EVER LOVED LOOKS SO ENTIRELY DIFFERENT EVERY TIME I SEE HER.



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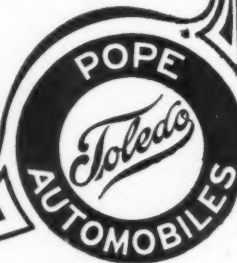
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## The Literary Zoo

### The Unattainable

I'VE read it backwards and forwards,  
I've stared at it upside-down,  
I've played both ends 'gainst the middle,  
I've tried it with smile and frown.  
I've turned it to Greek and Latin,  
I've put it in Portuguese,  
I've done it in pure Esperanto,  
In French and in Georjadese.

I've stood on my head and read it,  
I've sat in a tub likewise,  
A cold bath sponge on my forehead,  
And goggles set over my eyes;  
And still like the mists of heaven,  
Or will-o-wisps at their games,  
Its meaning eludes and evades me—  
That latest of Henny James.

*Wilberforce Jenkins.*

### Bensons

SOME confusion, it seems, has arisen in the minds of certain readers respecting the identities of the three Benson brothers, and we have been called upon to supply the proper tags. We cheerfully comply. Our sympathy always goes out to the young person who, in the earnest pursuit of culture, is beset with the not uncommon embarrassment involved in the failure to associate the names of books with the mere makers of them. We recall one young student of literature whose special perplexity was the classification of the performances attributed to the three Arnolds—Matthew, Edwin and Benedict. On the other hand, an excess of learning has been known to trouble the minds of the would-be "well-read." Thus, in a cautious endeavor to wean a bright young woman from the delusion that two new novels a week were putting her in a fair way to acquire a liberal literary education, we were prompted to recommend certain biographies in the "English Men of Letters" series. To which she demurred. For, as she remarked archly, and with a far-seeing sense of consequences, "If I read all about Goldsmith and Thackeray, then I shall have to go to work to read about their biographers, too."

\* \* \*

WITH this preamble, we note that Arthur Christopher Benson is a contributor of not less than three volumes to the "English Men of Letters"—concerning Rossetti, Edward Fitzgerald and Walter Pater; but though he was born in 1862 and has turned out many books of prose and verse since he began his literary career in 1886, it is but recently that he has made a considerable stir in the minds of the curious persons addicted to the old-fashioned

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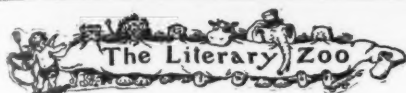
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habit of reading essays. His "Upton Letters," "From a College Window" and "Beside Still Waters" have followed in quick succession, and have gained him a wide hearing in this country. He is nothing if not anonymous, and the admission that "The Gate of Death" is also from his pen recalls to us that *Punch* has gravely attributed to him the authorship of the "Apocrypha." Even Marie Corelli reads him.

\* \* \*

ARTHUR CHRISTOPHER is the second son of Dr. Benson, the late Archbishop of Canterbury, and, like his two younger brothers, is a bachelor. "Dodo" (Edward Frederic) is the worldly one of the trio. In the race for fame, he passed Arthur Christopher in 1893 with the naughty novel that has given him his nickname; but though he has managed to turn out a book each year since that date, few American readers will recall their titles.

The youngest of the brothers, the Rev. Robert Hugh Benson, is assistant priest at the Catholic Church in Cambridge. He was a convert, of course, and he, too, has written novels—five of them, in addition to religious works.

On the whole, an uncommon showing for an Archbishop, who, in leaving novel-writing to his sons, missed a great opportunity to be advertised as the author of the Archbishop of Canterbury Tales.

#### Australia

NOT since rabbits threatened to overrun Australia have the industries of that sizable island been so menaced as by the appearance of a pest diagnosed as *cacoethes scribendi*. According to the author of "The Real Australia," no home is safe from its ravages. The exalted single-taxer and the humbled cattle baron are equally its victims. But more especially, "Every second dwelling of the middle class is cumbered with unfinished and unpublished manuscripts."

After all, the danger seems exaggerated. Here, in the United States, the manuscripts are published.

#### Gone Before Life

THE Cleveland *Leader* informed its readers that:

The late Bolton Hall was a good man who did good deeds, but was a *bit ahead of his time*. He was something of a visionary. Still, he had his practical side, and this was displayed in his advocacy of farming for the poor of cities.

Apropos of which Mr. Bolton Hall tells us, in a recent note:

"You will be sorry to see by the enclosed that I am dead! We shall miss me very much."

"But it is too bad to call me 'the late Bolton Hall' when I am so far 'ahead of my time' that I died ahead of it."

"I suppose it's worse to be a visionary than a ghost!"

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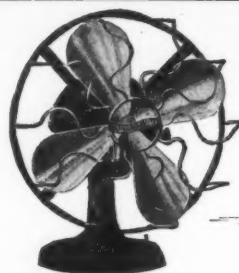
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Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition, Seattle, June-October 1909



# LIFE



THE TEDDYSEY. BOOK VIII

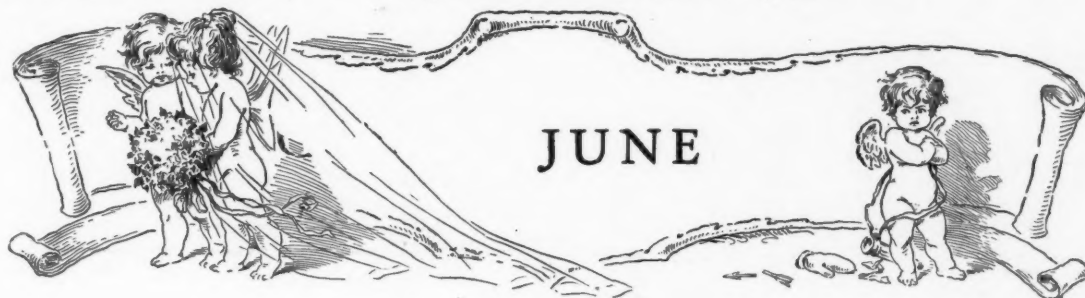
PALLAS COLUMBIA WARNS TEDDYSESSES AGAINST THE MAGIC OIL OF THE ENCHANTRESS CIRCE, WHICH HAD TURNED SO MANY OF HIS COMRADES INTO SWINE

## Money

ONE of the theoretical advantages of being rich is that your children need not marry rich unless they feel like it. In practice, however, matrimonial choice is restricted rather than enlarged by the

prospect of a large inheritance. Money tends to mate with money, and there are natural reasons for the tendency. For one thing it is favored by associations which are normal and natural incidents of surplus means and incidental lei-

sure. It takes rather more than the average amount of self-assertion to overcome these tendencies of association and make a choice that is purely personal. But all things are possible in youth.





"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. XLIX. JUNE 13, 1907. No. 1285.  
17 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK.



THE most interesting thing in sight at this writing is the condition of San Francisco. It is full of unfinished buildings upon which work is checked. Its mayor and other members of its city government are under indictment as grafters, four serious strikes have been in active operation, crippling its street car service, its telephone service, most of its laundries and its various iron works, and putting 10,000 wage earners out of work. Its police force is controlled by an incompetent partisan appointed by its dishonest labor-union mayor, and is incapable of keeping order. Its ready money for building purposes is about used up, and in the face of domestic disorder, labor-union tyranny, strikes, quarrels between capitalists and a prohibitive rate of wages and a prohibitive cost of all necessities of life and building construction, its credit is paralyzed and it cannot borrow the money to go on. The *Argonaut* says that the earthquake and fire destroyed 28,000 buildings, of which about one in four is in process of reconstruction, but very few are finished. All of them must be rebuilt and time is precious, but the city is full of all manner of strife and contention, and we are told that nothing but the State Government and the imminent prospect of the calling in of the State militia has stood between it and anarchy.

This is a bad showing, the encouraging feature of it being that it is a great deal too bad to last. Organized labor has ruled San Francisco for about six years. It is not responsible for the earthquake or the fire, but it *is* responsible for Ruef, Mayor Schmitz, fourteen confessed boodlers in the Board of Supervisors, Dinan, the do-nothing chief of police,

and labor conditions that make the rebuilding of the city impossible. It is also responsible for the anti-Japanese activities which have put the United States in the position of a nation that does not keep its treaty agreements.

But even worse in their immediate effects than the extravagant exploits of organized labor, the *Argonaut* finds to be the quarrels among capitalistic interests that ought to stand together, but whose contentions and rivalries have kept active the strikes and produced the worst of the current mischiefs by which the city is overwhelmed.

There is no more interesting struggle anywhere in sight than the one to bring freedom and order to this afflicted and pillaged city. In the end the best men usually win in fights of this kind. They have got to win in San Francisco.



IN THE animal-story controversy between Dr. William J. Long and Dr. Theodore Roosevelt, elsewhere described, Dr. Long seems at this later writing to be a little ahead. In support of the opinion that Dr. Long is "perhaps the worst of these nature-writing offenders," who write what isn't true, Dr. Roosevelt proclaimed his lack of confidence in Dr. Long's story of how a wolf killed a caribou fawn by a bite through its chest to its heart. "I don't believe the thing occurred," said Dr. Roosevelt, and went on to explain how that was not the way wolves did their killing.

Ordinarily it is not their way, but Dr. Long pops up with affidavits that cases of that kind of killing have been observed. His affidavits are at least as convincing as Dr. Roosevelt's say-so to the contrary.

Dr. Long explains that he had his wolf do his killing in this unusual way because he was writing for children and did not wish to have his story all messed up with blood. That is an amusing confession and discloses somewhat more of Dr. Long's methods of composition than is altogether advantageous to his standing as a teacher of reliable natural history. Nevertheless, he does maintain and with apparent success that incidents which Dr. Roosevelt considers incredible do occur pretty often in animal life.

So, we judge, that the upshot of this controversy will be to add something to Dr. Roosevelt's knowledge of natural history, and promote the distribution of Dr. Long's books.



WE GUESS, however, that Dr. Roosevelt is right in his main contention that the animal romanticists tend to mislead their readers about the ordinary habits and capacities of animals. Just so the human romanticists mislead readers as to the usual behavior of folks, because they write about extraordinary or imaginary people who do extraordinary things. But Dr. Roosevelt, in his accusations, falls into an error of which his venerable friend, Mr. John Burroughs, is frequently and notoriously a victim. He is altogether too confident in the infallibility and comprehensiveness of his own knowledge of animals and their ways and too ready to accuse of false inventions writers whose stories do not tally with what he happens to know. Very recently Mr. Burroughs, who is a much respected authority on natural history, overwhelmed with abusive and derisive accusations a young contributor of nature articles to *Harper's Magazine*. The young writer had recorded certain observed incidents which did not accord with Mr. Burroughs's experience. Mr. Burroughs promptly denounced him as a nature faker. But, so far as can be ascertained, Mr. Burroughs was absolutely wrong, and the young writer wrote the truth.



PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT in his Indianapolis speech suggested that the clause of the Constitution granting to the national government power to establish post roads gave it all the power necessary to do anything it liked to the roads within the boundaries of any State. That interpretation, it is pointed out, would give the Federal Government power over every city street, trolley line and country road in the land and make such measures as Governor Hughes's public utilities bill a mere impertinence. So that much of the speech has been repealed by the newspapers.



THE DAILY PRESS—IMPORTANT NEWS  
THE LITTLE GOTROX CHILDREN TAKE THE AIR

### Animal-Writers' Disputes

IT IS asserted in the papers that Mr. Roosevelt is correctly quoted by Edward B. Clark in *Everybody's Magazine* as declaring that the animal stories contributed to various vehicles of public entertainment by W. J. Long, C. G. D. Roberts, Jack London and others are largely works of the imagination and must not be taken seriously as the true records of animal deportment. Of Mr. Long, in particular, Mr. Roosevelt makes grievous complaint, averring that he publishes as true stories, and declares them to be true of his own knowledge or observation, yarns that are quite impossible. What makes Mr. Roosevelt the madder is that some of Mr. Long's yarns are printed in school-books, for the instruction of the young.

Mr. Long has retorted at some length, declaring that his animal stories are strictly veracious, and that Mr. Roosevelt is not a naturalist, but a game-killer, who knows nothing about the real habits of animal life.

A number of observing persons seem to know a good deal about some of the wild animals, but no one knows all about all of them. Naturalists like Mr. Burroughs—and perhaps Mr. Roosevelt, too—who have studied animals a long time, seem overconfident that what they do not know about animals is not knowable, and that stories that do not accord with their experience are not true. Mr. Burroughs, at times, has made very rash accusations of bad faith and mendacity against other writers who claimed to have observed things that did not accord with his experience.

Having no personal acquaintance with bob-cats, wolves or caribou, we dare not say that Mr. Roosevelt is not right in his criticisms of Mr. Long. It is to be noticed, however, that ever since there have been any written records there have been these disputes about animal stories and animal habits. Ever since Jonah's time, stiff-necked doubters have held that the story that the whale swallowed him was a fake and other realists have denied that Balaam's ass really talked.

The one contemporary observer and animal-writer in whom we have complete confidence is Mr. Joel Chandler Harris. We recommend to the authorities to drop Mr. Long out of the school-books and put Mr. Harris in. What Uncle Remus says, goes; and nobody disputes it.



## Weather

THIS has been a cold spring. There is no reason though to believe that the sun has permanently gone out of business. We are bound to have hot weather no matter how incredible that statement sounds. And with that hot weather will come the usual suffering of the small folk who live in the slums.

This weather talk is simply to remind LIFE's generous readers that the work of our Fresh Air Fund at LIFE's Farm will begin very soon and that it cannot be done without money.

### Come, Little Children!

COME, little children, come away!  
Come where the winds are all at play;  
Come where the daisy blossoms nod  
And the red clover's on the sod.  
The streams are laughing, cool and sweet,  
Coaxing your naked little feet.  
The flowers are reaching for your hand;  
The paths that lead to fairyland  
Behind the leafy shadows wait.  
Oh, come, and push the woodland gate!  
Come, where the elves and fairies stray;  
Oh, little children, come away!

Come, for the butterflies have come—  
The bees are out, with buzz and hum;  
From last year's drifted leaves the bright  
Ferns stretch their fingers to the light.  
The birds are building—come and see  
How homes are made in bush and tree.  
Watch how the squirrels swing and leap,  
And how the scythes the meadows sweep.  
Run with the moths and dragon-flies,  
Rest where the long, dark shadow lies.

Breathe—breathe the breath of new-cut hay—

Oh, little children, come away!

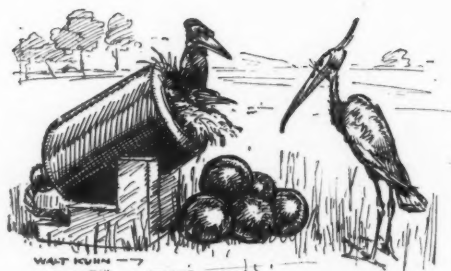
Come, little children—children, dear;  
Children of many a sob and tear—  
Forget the hurt, the strange, sad life  
Of toil and care and want and strife;  
The noise and heat, the high dark walls,  
The grind of wheels, the cries and calls  
Of greed and need. . . . The sin and woe  
Your souls were never meant to know!  
"Even unto the least of these,"  
Christ prayed for you; . . . and on our knees

Let our hearts answer as we pray—  
Come, little children, come away!

*Madeline Bridges.*

### Prayers

WHILE it appears to be true that a young person in New York has lately blown \$250,000 into a wedding trousseau, this does not necessarily mean



"WELL, HOW DO YOU LIKE YOUR NEW HOME?"

"FIRST-RATE; I ONLY FEAR THAT WE'LL HAVE TO MOVE BY THE FOURTH OF JULY!"

that our prayers for less prosperity have not been heard. The fact is, prosperity is not to be regulated, as your motor car is, merely by touching a lever or two. Getting down from the high speed is rather a delicate process, especially as Providence affiliates with the eastern wing of the Republican party, which, as we all know, is disposed to stand pat if it takes a leg.

Moreover, it should not be lost sight of that unless certain fools are suffered to have enough money to part with convincingly, they are liable to remain unidentified.



THE ARRIVAL AT LIFE'S FARM  
MARCHING AROUND THE PAVILION

## The Culprit

**T**HERE was a large crowd in front of the opera-house, surging and swaying back and forth. In this human tide, it seemed at times almost as if the iron posts supporting the awning must give way.

A small boy, keen, alert, had slipped under the feet of the crowd and held open the door of the carriage as a gorgeously plumed woman swept down. As she bent her head, something snapped, a small object fell down into the gutter unperceived by any one except the boy's eagle eyes. He slammed the door, darted his hand down and closed on the object, and was off.

He slipped along rapidly through the crowd, along the street, much like an agile fish in a turbulent stream shooting rapids, darting around eddies and skipping along with the swiftness of a trout. By and by he found himself in a back alley, alone. Then he opened his hand.

The object within glittered. It shot out strange gleams of rare beauty. Its many facets radiated from the magic touch of light.

"Gee!" the boy whispered softly to himself. He hesitated for an instant. Then, closing his hand again, he sped on.

By and by he came to a wonderfully dirty street. Remnants from a thousand vegetables littered its dull cobblestones. Grimy basement shop windows offered their contents of unappetizing nourishment to unsensitive eyes; ragged children formed and reformed in rapidly moving groups.

The boy touched one of these children—a girl—by the arm, made a peculiar signal to her, and in another moment they had escaped from the scene, cut through a long blind alley, and, under the shadow of a tenement beneath an abandoned truck cart, they were alone.

Simultaneously they sat down.

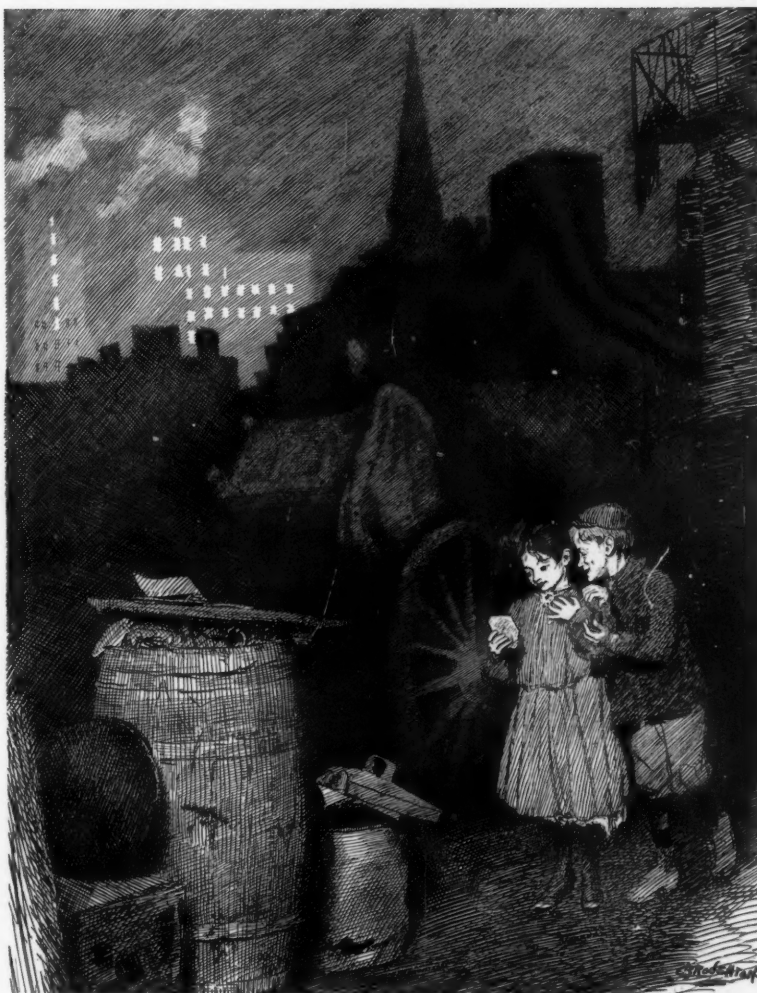
The boy opened his hand. The girl gazed spellbound.

"It's a shiner."

"Sure."

She looked at it closely. There was only a glimmer from above, but her eyes were like a cat's. She held it off at arm's length.

Then the boy snatched it back. He got up.



"He handed her the pin and she stuck it in the bosom of her tattered dress"

"Where you going?" she exclaimed.

"To take it back. I just wanted you to see it, Mag."

She looked at him curiously. Here was something new—something she hardly knew existed—honesty. Honesty, it is true, in a crude, undeveloped form; nevertheless, like a pure vein of gold, it was there.

"Take it back!" she exclaimed. "What for?"

"Why, for de loidy. She lost it. Say, Mag," he leaned toward her confidentially. "I chased myself away wid it before I knows de reason why. I tought mayt'e they'd pinch me. Den I says to myself dat I'll let you see it first. Now

I'm going back ter give it ter de right folks."

"Say, Jimmie"—

Mag's breath came swift and sharp. The terrible dilemma that confronted her—the frightful possibility of losing this magnificent gift that, like a gift from Providence (had she ever heard of Providence?) so suddenly had come to her—almost took away her wits. She grasped her partner by the hand.

"Squat," she whispered, gaining time. "Say, Jimmie, you would, would you—say—would you—give that back?"

"Sure. It belongs to the loidy."

"Wait."

She left him, darting out on the side-



THE HEIRSHIP AGE

walk and down through a basement. In a moment she had returned. She held in her hand a fragment of mirror.

"Let me put it on."

He handed her the pin—a superb diamond and ruby pendant—and she stuck it on the bosom of her tattered dress. Then catching a favorable ray of light, she held off the glass and looked at herself.

"Jimmie, it's gran'."

"Ain't it." He snatched it from her.

"I'll be takin' it back."

She grabbed him by the arm. "You keep it."

"Me—keep it? What fer?"

"Fer me."

She smiled at him.

"I'll look pretty in it," she said. "No one will know. Eh, Jimmie?"

"Naw, I can't. It ain't mine."

"You must."

"Naw."

She got up. She held out her hand toward him until he could see every line of her flattened palm.

"Den we part company—see? No more for me. Skidoo!"

He gazed at her in astonishment.

"You mean it, Mag?"

"Yep."

He hesitated. Taking the bauble out of his pocket, he looked at it again.

"On the level?" he persisted.

For answer she took his coat in her fingers, leading him out.

"Come," she whispered; "we'll soak it. I know a safe place."

Swiftly they passed out. Like night birds they sped onward, onward, through streets, along alleys, until at last they paused before a dingy shop with three faded gilt balls in front.

They entered.

The girl nodded to the man in charge. He nodded back. A look passed between them. He led the way into a back room.

The girl whispered to the boy and he drew the pin from his pocket. The pawnbroker, not to call him a worse name, pounced upon it. His crafty, expert eyes shot their way into its very depths, sounding as with a visual plummet their hidden secrets. Not a geometrical line or so much as a fleck upon their translucent sides escaped him.

"Vell," he whispered, "how mooch do you vant?"

"How much you give?" asked the girl.

The broker shrugged his shoulders. He spread out his hands.

"A hundred dollar."

But the girl had already snatched it from him.

"Come," she whispered to her partner; "he's a skin."

But the man stopped her.

"Ah, vell, say two."

Her eyes flashed.

"Make it a thousand."

"Oh, my, and me taking all de risk! I tell you vat I do. I make it five hundred. Quick! Or noddings."

"All right. We'll take it."

He went to a leather-covered trunk in a corner of the dark room, counted out the bills, made out a ticket and passed them over to the girl. She gave them to the boy.

"Put 'em in your pocket, Jim," she whispered.

He obeyed her mechanically, half dazed.

They passed out.

Swiftly they made their way along.

Suddenly, in their flight, a tall form stood over them. A strong hand grabbed the boy.

"Well, Jimmie, you thought you'd get away, did you? Not on your life. With the goods on, too!"

The boy started, pipped. His lips pressed together. He uttered no sound. The detective thrust firmly ahead of him.

But the young fellow, like a young tigress, in a very passion of tears, flung herself upon him.

"You shan't take him away," she cried. "He's mine."

"Come, young one, be quiet."

He pushed her off. Again and again. Then, sobbing, she put her arms about Jimmie. She clung to him desperately.

"Come, come," said the detective; "run along. It's no use. Run away, little girl."

She pulled herself together. Her voice grew quiet.

"Oh, sir!" she pleaded. "Please, please, let me go with him. Don't take me away from him."

The detective smiled back, as he pushed his prisoner along into the hands of a policeman he had motioned to.

"I'd like to oblige you, my dear. But I can't do it. You see he's the one that did it, not you."

Once more she sprang upon him.

"No, no!" she cried. "I did it. It was I, I, I—let me tell you. I"—

She got no further. Jimmie's hand was over her mouth.

"Shut up, Mag," he said to her sternly.

Then he turned to the detective.

"She's a liar," he said simply. "I did it, all right, all right." T. L. M.



## Who's What

In and Out of America



### Corey, W. E. (See Mabelle Gilman).

A chorus girl collector and Pittsburg millionaire at one time president of the steel industry, and now a retired husband, with a great future behind him. This gentleman is an example to all young men who are in a hurry to get so rich that they will still have time to do up the world before they have reached their second childhood. From Andrew Carnegie to Mabelle Gilman is the short and simple annals of the Pittsburg rich. Mr. Corey's principal occupation is not regretting anything he has done. Favorite flower, the night-blooming cereus. Motto: "Off with the old love and on with the new." Address, Outside-the-Pale, not On-the-Hudson.

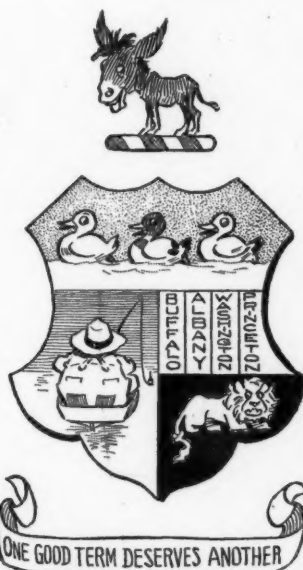
### A Tale of Mystery

The indictment of President Hegeman of the Metropolitan Insurance Company is encouraging. Can it be that District-Attorney Jerome is really proceeding by leisurely stages from little insurance sinners to middle-sized ones? And will he some day tackle a big one?—*New York World*.

**N**O. He will not.

About a year ago the *World* suggested that Mr. Jerome be retained as District-Attorney for the prosecution of small offenders—uninfluential criminals; and that a man of different material be appointed for the prosecution of big offenders. That was a good suggestion. Mr. Jerome has certainly shown, and to the complete satisfaction, presumably, of certain successful financiers, that he is about as dangerous, in their case, as a June kitten.

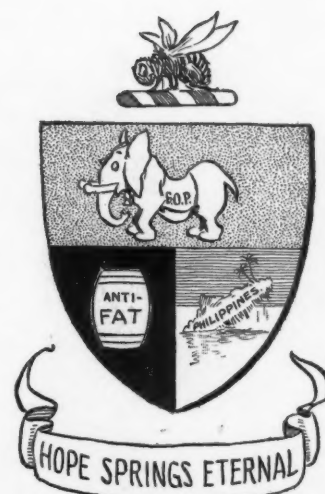
And how well he talked!



### Cleveland, Grover.

A famous New Jersey duck hunter who was born in Caldwell and spent the remainder of his life journeying to Princeton via Buffalo, Albany and Washington. Besides his trade as duck hunter, he has also hunted big game, having knocked out John Bull, made Wall Street look like thirty cents, and brought Congress to cover. For some years he has acted as end-man for the Princeton College Glee Club, and infused into that religious body a little human warmth. It is estimated that if he lives in Princeton long enough, it will be possible for students to graduate from that institution and still look the world in the face. The only thing he has ever failed to accomplish is to make the insurance business respectable. Principal occupation, preserving his own dignity. Address, care the Hall of Fame.

**W**ALL STREET makes a distinction between misfortune and calamity; to wit: If President Roosevelt should fall overboard from a battleship going at full speed, that would be a misfortune. If another should come along and pick him up, that would be a calamity. So say the wicked brokers, but they don't mean it.



**Taft, Wm. B.** The heavyweight champion of America. Born in the Middle West, and first came into prominence when sitting near the dome of the Capitol. He has had many bouts, and often been winner; note the Wallace free-for-all (a draw). In 1905 he took the Panama prize belt. At present he is open to all comers and is in training for the Presidential Championship purse, catch-as-catch-can, Marquis of Roosevelt Rules, two-ounce gloves, fight to a finish, winner to have the Congress Consolation Cup and divide the gate receipts with the G. O. P. Mr. Taft's favorite occupation is rubbing down the elephant. Principal works, "The Unmaking of a Nation," "A Fighting Chance," "Teddybears I Have Smiled With," and "Two on a Towpath." Motto: "Hope springs eternal." Address, Transient Window, Washington, P. O.

### New to Him

**FIRST NEW YORK BOY:** What did you see at the Jamestown Exposition; anything new or strange?

**SECOND NEW YORK BOY:** I should say I did. I saw a man in a car get up and give his seat to a lady.

**"CONAN DOYLE,"** remarked the purveyor of literary gossip, "gets a dollar a word from his publishers for everything he writes."

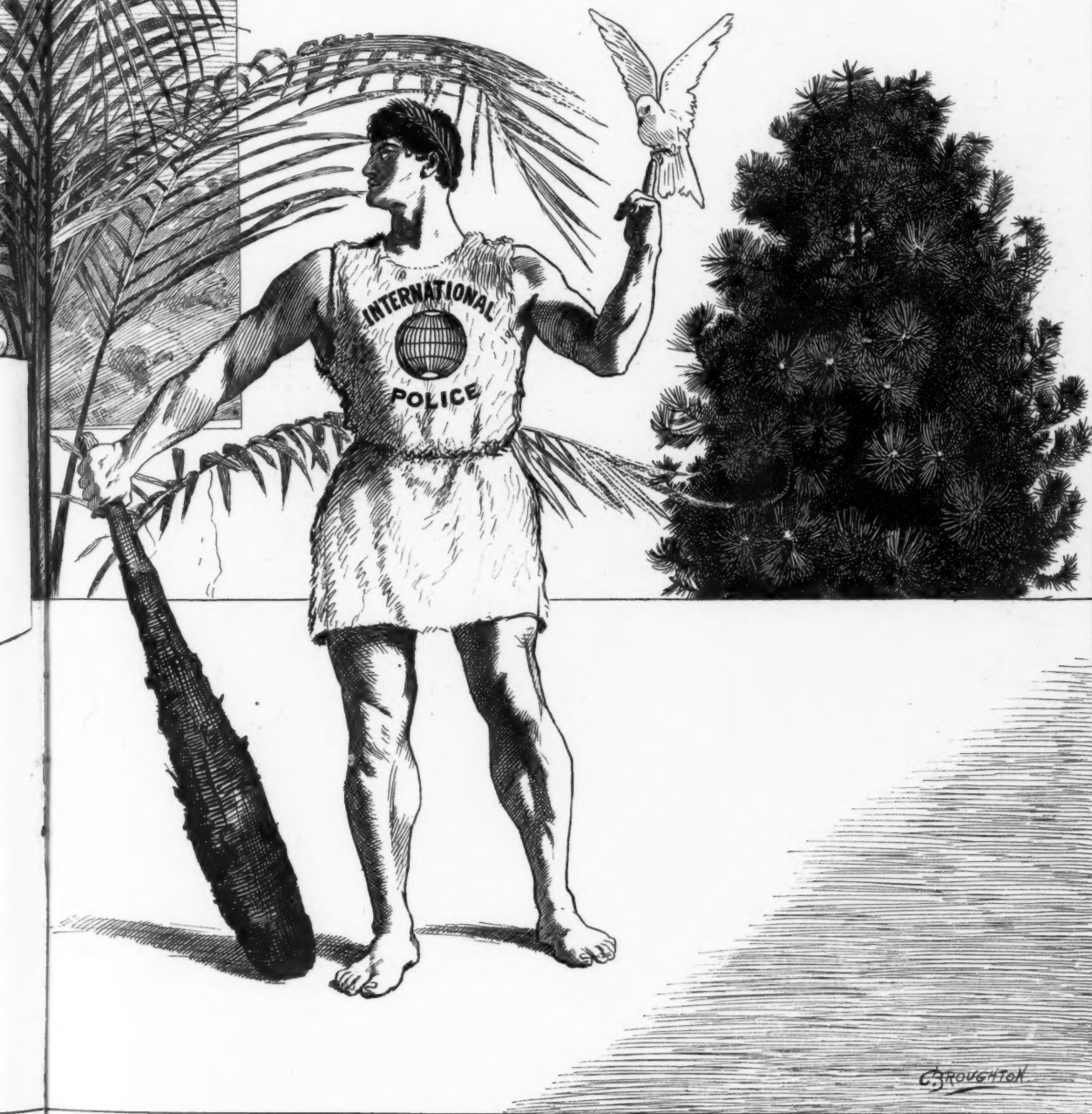
"Gee!" exclaimed the maiden with the dreamy eyes, waking from her brown study. "If I were in his place I'd have a hero that stuttered."

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LIFE •

# THE HAGUE COURT.



THE BIGGER STICK





## Life's Little Problems

THERE was a lady who from her youth up had many suitors; but as the years wore on they gradually fell from their allegiance, until one day she awoke to the fact that of all the many but two remained. This led to some earnest communion with her soul and caused her, for the first time, seriously to consider the question of marriage.

"I am no longer as young as I was," she remarked to herself, "and although my friends are kind enough to call me charming, their very insistence upon it leads me to believe that I should decide at once which of my two remaining suitors I had better accept."

Then she cogitated long and spent sleepless nights over the problem; but found it ever more difficult to solve.

"Billy," she argued, "is strong and masterful. He will guard me from all rude contact with the world. He will view me as a rare and fragile hot-house flower which must be shielded from every rude blast, every varying change of temperature. The sun must not shine too strongly upon me nor the wind blow too keenly. He appeals to my feminine sense of dependence and to my love of being loved; but," and she shook her head soberly, "there is no use disguising the fact that his excessive care of me will prove a bore. He will always be solicitous to see that my throat is well wrapped up and that I wear my rubbers when it is damp underfoot. He will insist on deciding for me all the questions of life, whether trivial or important; what books I shall read, what religion I shall adopt and, probably, what breakfast food I shall eat. Within two years I shall be a pampered nonentity without either a will or an intelligence of my own.

"Now, I must weigh Jack in the balance. He is a dear, lovable fellow; a charming and amusing companion, but

with as little sense of responsibility as a kitten. He appeals strongly to my maternal instinct. I feel that he needs my affection and, in a measure, my guidance; but I cannot deceive myself. I shall have to bear the brunt of everything, decide all important questions and grapple with all the problems that would come to us in our mutual experience. He demands of existence sunshine and roses, a song and a jest; but in times of storm and stress he would be as a broken reed. And yet in fair weather he would be a delightful companion, and I should be a free agent with a chance to let my individuality expand and develop, for I should be the head of the house."

Now, the lady married one of these men. Which? Do you know?

*Mrs. Wilson Woodrow.*

## Thievish American Souvenir Hunters

THERE was a London dispatch in one of the papers last month to the effect that the London hotels were not going to put up any longer with the propensity of American tourists to carry off hotel property—spoons and the like—for souvenirs. The dispatch said that the hotels would have the law on any looters of this sort whom they could catch.

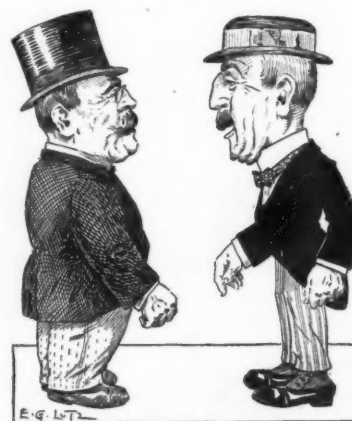
The dispatch sounded impertinent. It seems less impertinent in the light of what was said on May 23 by Admiral Evans in his comment on the complaints of the Duke of Abruzzi of the theft of personal articles, and such matters, of the officers of his flagship during the public reception at Hampton Roads. The Duke was mad about it, and complained to the Secretary of the Navy, and Secretary Metcalf and Admiral Evans are madder than the Duke. Admiral Evans said that his own experience with American souvenir hunters qualified him to declare that they

will steal anything except a cellarful of water. The practice, he said, is peculiar to Americans. He had had receptions aboard his ship in all parts of the world, but nowhere, except in American ports, has he ever missed anything. At Kiel he had a thousand people aboard the *New York* and lost not so much as a pin.

That Americans, members ostensibly of decent society, should be known and feared because of this propensity to petit larceny is disgusting news, and implies a mortifying and contemptible laxity of morals and manners among folks who ought to know better.

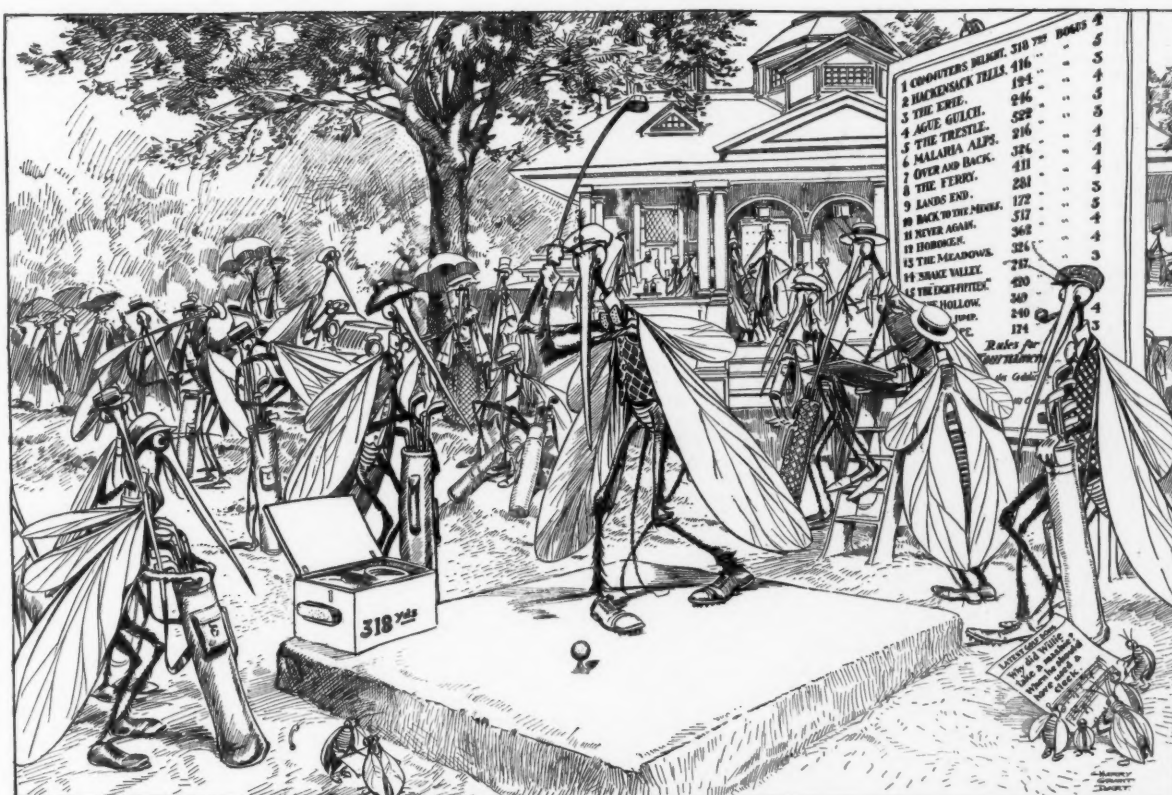
"THE Parkers have all gone into deep mourning for a very distant relative. Don't you think it's a sign they're rich?"

"No. It's a sign that the distant relative was rich."



"WHY, SAY, JINKS, HOW MUCH YOU LOOK LIKE MR. ROOSEVELT."

"PURELY ACCIDENTAL ON THE ARTIST'S PART. I WAS AT FIRST INTENDED FOR A FOIL FOR ONE OF YOUR USUAL WITTICISMS, BUT I WAS SAVED FROM THAT, THANK GOODNESS, BY MY RESEMBLANCE TO THE PRESIDENT."



NEW JERSEY STATE OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP GOLF TOURNAMENT  
ARCHIE STINGER DRIVING FROM FIRST TEE

## Ethics of Journalism

LIFE says that while plenty of journalists and some individual newspapers have ethics, American journalism has none, and that the only universally accepted principle in contemporary journalism is that advertising follows circulation.

If this is so, then the first duty of journalism, if it is to remain a ruling influence in the world, is to adopt a system of ethics.—*Wall Street Journal*.

**W**ELL, is it not so?

Take the recent case of the New York *Herald* and its "personals." The "personals" flourished for years notwithstanding that they ministered openly and flagrantly to vice, and they rather helped than hindered the *Herald's* prosperity. They would have been flourishing still if Mr. Hearst's papers had not developed a violent political grudge against Mr. Bennett's paper and finally assailed it vehemently in its most vulnerable point, and stirred up the federal authorities against its profligate "personals." So stimulated, the law reached out. The

Post Office warned the *Herald* that it must be expurgated if it was to pass through the mails. The Federal District Attorney, Mr. Stimson, prosecuted Mr. Bennett and got a verdict against him. Mr. Bennett came surreptitiously to New York, appeared unobserved in court, paid a fine (\$31,000 we think it was) and disappeared again. Scarcely a newspaper in town, except Mr. Hearst's papers, said anything more about it than it could help. The quietness about it all was amusing.

The newspapers believe in publicity for everybody's sins except the sins of the newspapers. They don't like to show one another up, and it is the part of prudence that they shouldn't. There is no profit for them in getting after one another and being got after in turn. They only do it under the stimulus of personal wrath.

Perhaps that is one reason for the

dearth of ethics in American journalism. A high standard of ethics could only be enforced by the newspapers themselves. There are plenty of newspapers that maintain such a standard for their own use, but they will not band together to impose such a standard upon the whole newspaper profession. There are not enough high-class papers to do the job even if they tried, nor is there any effectual process for punishing delinquents. A dishonest lawyer can be disbarred, a physician can be punished for malpractice, a clergyman who does wrong can be deprived of his office, but there is no effectual way of holding up a newspaper to a high standard of honesty or deportment. Now and then public opinion will punish a newspaper's crime, as happened lately in Atlanta, but usually it won't, and very often gross misconduct or misstatement proves to be profitable.

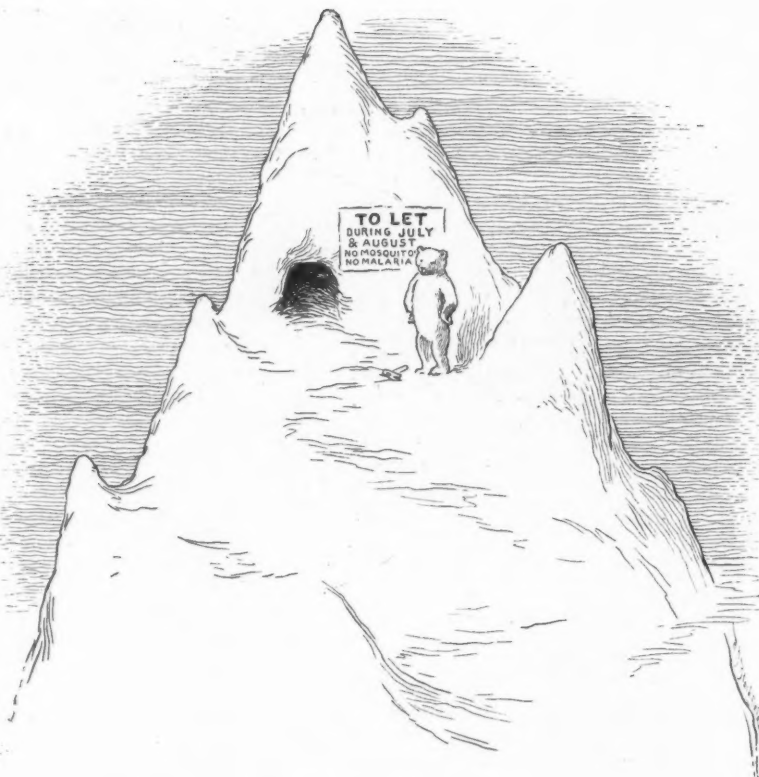


A CAREFUL consideration of Dolf Wyllarde's novels fails to reveal any more consistent reason than an inflamed and exaggerated personal preoccupation for the turgid and brutal aspects of life which this author chooses to portray. But it does reveal a literary and fictional ability in the presentation of characters which, were it better balanced, would carry its possessor far. The latest novel on the list, *As Ye Have Sown*, is a story of a section of the London smart set or, rather, a story contrasting a section of the London smart set with a coterie of upper middle class suburbanites with whom, much to the amusement of her friends, the heroine is intimate. As a whole it is open to serious criticism on the score of its author's personal obsessions; but its many characters are so completely and individually realized in the reading that the art which created them triumphs, for the time being, over its handicaps.

Nature books are beginning to go to seed. They are assuming flamboyant and grotesque shapes and developing outlandish contrivances for hooking themselves on to the skirts of our attention. One of the latest, the most expensive, and the most obtrusive of them, is a quarto upon English wild flowers by Maud U. Clarke called *Nature's Own Gardens*. The text is a peculiar kind of technical rhapsodizing—a mixture of the language of flowers and of the flowers of language. But the illustrations are beyond words. The book is emblazoned with fifty reproductions of water color sketches by the author; reproductions which, whether we look upon them as flower illustrations, as Art, or as mere delirious color orgies, come very close to what is colloquially known as "the limit."

A thoroughly original variation of the mistaken identity plots which have been so plentiful recently, is developed by John H. Whitson in a novel called *The Castle of Doubt*. The story, which is the most thistle-downy and ephemeral of light literature, has the merit of keeping the secret which is its chief stock in trade unguessed to the last and of leading us to the unveiling through well sketched scenes and in pleasant company.

Mr. Will Lillibridge's writing is distinguishable from ordinary prose by just such an infusion of sonorous elegance as differentiates elocution from mere recital. And his latest story, *Where the Trail Divides*, is worthy of its medium. It is a long time since we have had a romance with a noble



THE REAL THING AT LAST

red man for hero, and this really graphic story of How, the civilized Sioux, his wrongs and his revenge, actually brings Fenimore Cooper up to date.

Winfield Scott Moody, in the six "collectors' stories" published in *The Pickwick Ladle*, has struck what the art critics are fond of referring to as a "new note." There are others, less classical, who would refer to it as a "new graft." At any rate it is likely to be popular. Each of the tales has to do with an experience of a young enthusiast and his wife who are given to the haunting of local auction rooms and curio shops and to falling in love with pie-crust tables and bird-cage clocks and *Kang-hi* beakers. No one of the stories is very remarkable as a story, but both their scenes and their vocabulary will prove flatteringly familiar to the noble army of amateurs.

*The Trimmed Lamp*, by O. Henry, is another of the new short story offerings. Like *The Four Million*, by the same author, of which dish it is, indeed, a second helping, it contains twenty-five fragmentary tales of life among New York's rank and file. The stories have the same vividness and the same overstraining toward an artificial climax as

their predecessors, yet are often amusing and not infrequently touched by a deeper feeling.

A *Diagrammatic Road Map of Central Europe* recently gotten up by Doctor Wood McMurtry and published in handy and serviceable form by Brentano's may not, perhaps, come exactly within the pale of "the latest books." But it offers a mass of convenient information so much more succinctly and graphically than pages of print could hope to do that the technicality is worth waiving. The folder should not only prove invaluable to automobilists but a good reference map in any library.

J. B. Kerfoot.

*As Ye Have Sown*, by Dolf Wyllarde. (The John Lane Company. \$1.50.)

*Nature's Own Gardens*, by Maud U. Clarke. (E. P. Dutton and Company. \$6.00.)

*The Castle of Doubt*, by John H. Whitson. (Little Brown and Company. \$1.50.)

*Where the Trail Divides*, by Will Lillibridge. (Dodd, Mead and Company. \$1.50.)

*The Pickwick Ladle*, by Winfield Scott Moody. (Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.)

*The Trimmed Lamp*, by O. Henry. (McClure, Phillips and Company.)

A *Diagrammatic Road Map of Central Europe*, by Doctor Wood McMurtry. (Brentano's. 6 francs.)





"THROW UP YOUR HANDS!"  
"NOT ON YOUR LIFE!"



# AUT SCISSORS AUT NULLUS

## PROSE VS. POETRY

"April," remarked the sentimental maid, "is my favorite month. I wish it would last forever."  
"Same here," rejoined the practical young man. "I have a note coming due the first of May."—*Chicago News.*

MOTHER GOOSE, PH.D.  
"The World and the Individual"

This is the House that Descartes built.

Two distinct substances, mind and matter, lay in the House that Descartes built.

This is the Locke, who by his experience guarded the substances, mind and matter, that lay in the House that Descartes built.

This is the Berkeley, who tried the Locke, and said that no matter could be in the House that Descartes built.

This is the Hume, who knew only ideas, who doubted all matter and doubted all mind, and thought to demolish entirely the House that Descartes built.

This is the Kant, transcendently wise, who rebuilt from Hume, who denied mind to Berkeley, who tried the Locke, who by his experience guarded the House that Descartes built.

Hegel this is, who abstraction denies, who succeeded to Kant, transcendently wise, who rebuilt from Hume, who knew only ideas, who denied mind to Berkeley, who said "no matter," who attacked the Locke, who guarded the substances, mind and matter, distinct in the House that Descartes built.

This is the Royce, with his high surmise, who interpreted Hegel's obscure disguise, who looked beyond Kant, transcendently wise, who rebuilt from Hume, who knew only ideas, who denied mind to Berkeley, who said "no matter," while trying the Locke, whose daily experience guarded the House that Descartes built.

This is the James, who the "many" describes, who with purpose pragmatic does pluralize, who opposes the Royce, with his high surmise, who can diverse, devious thoughts devise, which in ultimate oneness he unifies, who interpreted Hegel's obscure disguise, who in threefold thought-forms did theorize, who succeeded to Kant, transcendently wise, who by categories did characterize, who rebuilt from Hume, who knew not his own mind, who cared not for Berkeley, who tried the Locke, whose daily experience guarded the substances, mind and matter, that lay in the House that Descartes built.—*Century.*



## PERSISTENT

A BROKEN-DOWN SINGER NAMED SQUIRES  
WROTE THUS TO A HALF HUNDRED CHOIRS:  
"HAVE YOU PLACE I COULD FILL?"  
THEY REPLY, "NO," BUT STILL—  
HE INQUIRES IN CHOIRS IN QUIRES.

ABOUT forty years ago the adjudicators of the Arnold historical essay prize at Oxford University were wearily plowing through the usual lot of commonplace compositions, when they suddenly lighted on one which was not commonplace. The subject was "The Holy Roman Empire," and it is not too much to say that these cynical dons were electrified to enthusiasm. Hastily awarding it the prize, they opened the sealed envelope and found that it was the work of one James Bryce, aged twenty-five, who is now British Minister to the United States. His essay has been reproduced in several languages and to this day is a standard on the subject.—*Argonaut.*

## THE WORRIED SKIPPER

"I hates to think of dyin'," says the skipper to the mate;  
"Starvation, shipwrecks, heart disease I loathes to contemplate.  
I hates to think of vanities and all the crimes they lead to."

Then says the mate,  
With looks sedate,  
"Ye doesn't really need to."

"It fills me breast with sorer," says the skipper, with a sigh,  
"To conjer up the happy days what careless has slipped by.  
I hates to contemplate the day I ups and left me Mary."

Then says the mate,  
"Why contemplate,  
If it ain't necessary?"

"Suppose that this here vessel," says the skipper, with a groan,  
"Should lose 'er bearin's, run away and bump upon a stone;  
Suppose she'd shiver and go down when save ourselves we  
couldn't?"

The mate replies,  
"Oh, blow me eyes!  
Suppose, ag'in, she shouldn't?"

"The chances is ag'in us," says the skipper in dismay;  
"If fate don't kill us out and out, it gits us all some day.  
So many perish of old age, the death rate must be fearful."

"Well," says the mate,  
"At any rate  
We might as well die cheerful."

"I read in them statistic books," the nervous skipper cries,  
"That every minute by the clock some feller ups and dies.  
I wonder what disease they gits that kills in such a hurry?"

The mate he winks  
And says, "I thinks  
They mostly dies of worry."

"Of certain things," the skipper sighs, "me conscience won't be  
rid,  
And all the wicked things I done I sure should not have did.  
The wrinkles on me inmost soul compel me oft to shiver."

"Yer soul's fust rate,"  
Observes the mate;  
"The trouble's with yer liver." —*Century.*

A PROFESSOR in philosophy was lecturing upon "Identity," and had just argued that parts of a whole might be subtracted, and other matter substituted, yet the whole would remain the same, instancing the fact that, although every part of our bodies is changed in seven years, we remain the same individuals.

"Then," said a student, "if I had a knife and lost the blade and had a new blade put in it, it would still be the identical knife?"

"Certainly," was the reply.  
"Then if I should lose the handle from the new blade and have another handle made to fit it, the knife would still be the same?"

"That is so," said the professor.  
"Then, in that case," triumphantly rejoined the student, "if I should find the old blade and the old handle, and have the original parts put together, what knife would that be?"—*Independent.*

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*The Friends of Voltaire*, by S. G. Tallentyre. (G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.50.)  
*The Castle of Doubt*, by J. H. Whitson. (Little, Brown and Company. \$1.50.)  
*The Mayor's Wife*, by A. K. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill Company. \$1.50.)  
*As Ye Have Sown*, by Dolf Wyllarde. (The John Lane Company. \$1.50.)  
*The Travellers' Handbook*, by Josephine Tozier. (Funk and Wagnalls Company. \$1.00.)  
*The Goddess of Reason*, by Mary Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin and Company. \$2.00.)  
*The Pocket Book of Poems and Songs for the Open Air*. (E. P. Dutton and Company. \$1.25.)  
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*The Double Love*, by A. D. Rees. (J. C. Winston Company.)  
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*The Greater America*, by R. D. Paine. (Outing Publishing Company.)  
*On the Eve*, by Ivan Turgenev. (Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.25.)  
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*The World's Warrant*, by Norah Davis. (Houghton, Mifflin and Company.)  
*Successful Authorship*, by Frederic Reddall. (J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Company. \$0.25.)  
*The Birth of the Nation*, by Mrs. R. A. Pryor. (The Macmillan Company. \$1.75.)  
*The Cruise of the Shining Light*, by Norman Duncan. (Harper and Brothers. \$1.50.)  
*Strange Stories of the Revolution*, by various authors. (Harper and Brothers. \$0.60.)  
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*The Events Man*, by Richard Barry. (Moffat, Yard and Company. \$1.25.)  
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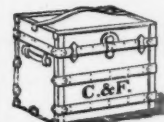
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### RACE SUICIDE AGAIN

A Washington correspondent told the other night a story that he claimed to have heard from President Roosevelt at a Grid-iron Club dinner.

"Two women," he said, "were discussing some new neighbors who had moved into one of the most sumptuous houses in their city.

"They seem to be very rich," said the first.

"Oh, they are," said the second.

"Shall you call?"

"Decidedly."

"You are sure, are you, that they are—er—quite correct, quite—er—good form?"

"Oh, my dear, I'm positive," said the second woman. "They have thirty servants, eighteen horses, twelve dogs, eleven automobiles and one child."—*Washington Star*.

RETURNED manuscripts are the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.—*Editor*.

Kenilworth Inn, Biltmore, N. C. Always open. Most superbly finished hotel south of New York.

### MAKING MONEY SPROUT

"High finance is not confined entirely to Wall Street," said John E. Wilkie, Chief of the Secret Service. "I saw an example of it the other day that made me dizzy.

"One of the clerks in the Treasury wanted to go to the ball game. He had but twenty-five cents, his exact admission, and nothing for carfare.

"He announced he would raffle his twenty-five cents for two cents a share. Eighteen clerks took chances. One won the quarter for two cents, but the thrifty promoter had twenty-five cents for his ticket, ten cents for carfare and a cent over for an afternoon paper."—*Saturday Evening Post*.

### Hotel Vendome, Boston

The ideal hotel of America for permanent and transient guests.

JOHN BURROUGHS was talking about the increased interest that the world now takes in nature and her work and ways.

"A modern girl from New York," he said, "would not be apt to say, as I heard a girl say thirty years ago, as she looked at a multitude of tadpoles in a pond:

"Oh, look at the tadpoles! And to think that some day every one of these horrid wriggling things will be a beautiful butterfly."—*Southwestern Book*.

THE SOUTH FOR HOSPITALITY: The Manor, Asheville, North Carolina, is the best inn South.—*Booklet*.

### EPICUREAN FINESSE

Two Marseillaises were discussing the best method of eating game.

"Well," said one, "if it is a woodcock, I hang it up on a nail by the beak and fasten some larks onto its claws. After a week I throw away the woodcock and eat the larks, which by that time have absorbed all the flavor of the woodcock."

"I do the same," replied the other, not to be outdone, "except that I throw away the larks as well as the woodcock, and eat the nail."—*Bon Vivant*.

"Good as the best and better," London's verdict on Rad-Bridge.

### THE SAME ACT

An old negro was recently brought before a justice in Mobile. It seemed that Uncle Mose had fallen foul of a bulldog while in the act of entering the henhouse of the dog's owner.

"Look here, Uncle Mose," the Justice said, informally, "didn't I give you ten days last month for this same thing? Same henhouse you were trying to get into. What have you got to say for yourself?"

Uncle Mose scratched his head.

"Mars Willyum, yo' sent me ter de chain gang fer tryin' ter steal some chickens, didn't ye?"

"Yes, that was the charge."

"An' don't de law say yo' can't be charged twice wid de same fence?"

"That no man shall be twice placed in jeopardy for the identical act, yes."

"Den, sah, yo' des-hab ter let me go, sah. Ah war after de same chickens, sah?"—*Nashville Banner*.

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## Jack

STRANGER, you ask accommodation. Say,  
I ain't no grouch, but then it's jest this way:  
You come a-steam' up in that big car  
O'yourn—dod blast the thing. You've traveled far,  
Got far to go, an' ask me for the night  
To put you up. It ain't my style—not quite!—  
To grudge a traveler a bed an' snack,  
But—well, stranger, say: I hain't forgot Jack!

Who's Jack? Oh, jest a leetle yaller cur—  
But my gal loved him, an' we both loved her.  
We shore did, stranger! Mary died at seven,  
Jest sort o' went to find her ma in heaven,  
An' that left me an' Jack—jest him an' me.  
Jack—cutest little pup you ever see,  
Bright as a button, busy as a bee,  
An' everythin' I'd left in God's good world—  
Come limpin' in one afternoon an' curled  
Up in my arms—you never see sech eyes!  
I done the best I knowed how, doctorwise,  
Bandaged the bleedin' paw—big tourin' car  
Done it—an' then, jest prayed an' waited. Far  
Inter the night I held him. Then I saw  
Poor Jack was swellin'—for 'twa'nt jest the paw,  
Like I'd be'n hopin'—Jack was hurt inside.  
Injured internal like. Midnight, he died.

But I'm keepin' you. Stranger, I—shot Jack!  
Then, somehow, suthin' hit me; things went black.  
Next day—right over there by yender tree—  
I dug another grave; there—don't you see,  
Three graves arow? An' this yere cabin's mine.  
Folks call me Crazy Bill, an' I opine  
They ain't so fur off. Mighty out o' date,  
Thinkin' dogs has souls! Well, it's gittin' late,  
An' I don't b'lieve there's no use stoppin' here,  
Stranger. It sort o' seems like I don't keer  
For company, for somehow—I'm sort o' queer!  
—T. in New York Sun.

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## A National Example

COREY occupies a commanding place in the industrial and financial life of the United States and of the whole world. He is a marked man; the embodiment and visible concrete sign of human success; the model for struggling American business youth; a great captain of industry who is a force in the world, charged with immense responsibilities and intrusted with power and wealth and position.

If the greatest business in the world maintains as its chief the man who lightly breaks up the American home, and disregards the sentiments and the conduct which are inculcated in all moral teachings for young men and women, what will be the effect on the youth of America? Will they follow the cold precept and disregard the illustrious example?—*Philadelphia Public Ledger*.

A LONDON critic in calling down a New York correspondent for writing that Mr. Jerome "hectorated Evelyn Thaw" when she was on the stand, says: "Formerly 'a Hector' in English meant a gallant man; mine host of the Garter intended no insult to Falstaff in calling him 'Bully Hector' and 'Bully Hercules.' But toward the end of the seventeenth century 'Hectors' became the fashionable name for the young gentlemen of London who racketed round the town at night. Macaulay, writing of 1685, says that 'the Muns and Tityre Tus' (named after the first words of one of Virgil's Eclogues) 'had given place to the Hectors and the Scourers. At a later period arose the Nicker, the Hawcubite and the yet more dreaded name of Mohawk.' Hence 'hector,' noun and verb, gained its bullying sense."—*Buffalo Commercial*.

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(With apologies to Frank Daniels.)

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TIME EXTENDED TO JULY 31st

## "The Circle Magazine" Offers \$3000 Cash Prizes for Short Stories

First Prize, \$1000; Second and Third, \$500 each; Fourth, \$300; Fifth, \$200; Sixth, Seventh, Eighth, Ninth and Tenth Prizes, \$100 each. Stories not winning prizes will either be purchased, or returned to authors if postage is enclosed. Competition which was to close May 31st has been extended to July 31st, 1907.

THE KIND OF STORIES WE WANT: Short, sparkling stories full of the CIRCLE spirit, and in harmony with the CIRCLE plan. Stories with romance, adventure, humor and pathos, but not with tragedy, wickedness or scandal. Love being the deepest and most universal experience of the human heart, as well as the greatest force in the world, is by no means barred from CIRCLE stories. It should be remembered, however, that love finds its loftiest expression in many other ways than the courting of woman by man. Stories of achievement in the world; stories of home life; stories of childhood and old age; stories of delicate sentiment and appreciation of the beautiful; stories that will make the heart grow warmer and the eyes brighter, that will inspire noble endeavor and add new joy and hope to the lives of those who read. Stories with a purpose, conveying and enforcing wholesome truths that may influence life and conduct, are desired; but these truths should be presented only in the development of the plot, not by the sermonizing of the author. The competition is not limited, however, to serious stories. On the contrary, pure entertainment and amusement have their proper place in the CIRCLE plan.

JUDGES: Francis W. Halsey, for six years editor of the *Times* Saturday Review of Books; William Seaver Woods, editor of *The Literary Digest*; Eugene Thwing, editor of *THE CIRCLE*.

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### A Royal Lesson

BEING the pet of the family, Prince Eitel was more or less spoiled as a child, and some interesting stories have been told concerning his wilfulness. In common with many other little boys, his Imperial Highness had a rooted aversion to soap and water, and often refused pointblank to allow his nurses to wash his hands and face. One morning, to his unbounded delight, he was allowed to go out unwashed, and for a time he reveled in his freedom. Happening to pass the sentinel at the palace gates, he was surprised to find that the man did not salute. In high dudgeon, the young prince sought the Emperor and poured out his tale of woe, expecting to have the guard reprimanded. But, to his astonishment, the Kaiser merely said: "The soldier did quite right. Surely you do not expect him to salute a dirty boy." The lesson had its effect, and henceforth the nurses experienced no trouble.—M. A. P.

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A NEW HAVEN man was praising the late Judge David Torrence, of Derby, Conn.

"Judge Torrence," he said, "uttered many an epigram from the bench. In a case concerning a noise nuisance a scientist was once testifying before him about the speed of sound.

"Sound," said the man, "travels at the rate of 400 yards a second."

"All sound?" asked Judge Torrence.

"All," replied the scientist.

"The judge smiled.

"I'm sure you're wrong," he said. "I have noticed a great difference between the speed of certain kinds of sound. Thus, slander travels at the rate of quite 1,000 yards a second, flattery 500 yards, while truth makes only a few feet a second, and, slow as its progress is, truth often fails to reach the goal, no matter how short the distance."—Indianapolis Star.

### Punishment for Excessive Speed

THERE is one way, and only one way, declares the *Ohio State Journal* (Columbus), in which exceeding the speed limit can be stopped. It has been found impracticable to arrest and fine chauffeurs or owners, for fines are of little consequence to the most serious offenders. Other suggested remedies have likewise failed. But the one offered by this paper and others is thought to promise well. After calling attention to the difficulties hitherto encountered in enforcing speed ordinances the article continues:

There is a way out of this—a clean, clear, just way, and that is to ignore the personal issue altogether, and not to consider who is to blame or whom to fine; but just arrest the automobile, try it for plunging through the streets, reckless of life or limb, and sentence it to the pound or garage for twenty or thirty days, at the expiration of which time the owner may go and release it by paying for the keep.

There would be a great advantage in treating the matter thus. It would relieve the situation of any personal blame. Neither the chauffeur nor the owner would be held to personal account. They could drop the matter and go about their business without feeling they have violated the law, for really the automobile is the guilty party. And whether it is or not ought to be a matter easily determined by a policeman of good common sense. The efficacy of a penalty of this nature would be immeasurable. The indignity, the loss of liberty, and the excruciating confinement would be a sore trial to the poor automobile, and it would feel like never again violating the law or flying in the face of public sentiment.

The only way then to treat this great menace to the peace and safety of a community is to institute proceedings *ad rem* and make the automobile itself feel the pain of its guilt. That would settle the matter. After a few pangs of conscience, the jig would be up.

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8. None but the brave deserves the fair.—Dryden.

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10. But there's nothing half so sweet in life As love's young dream.—Moore.

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12. In the Spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love.—Tennyson.

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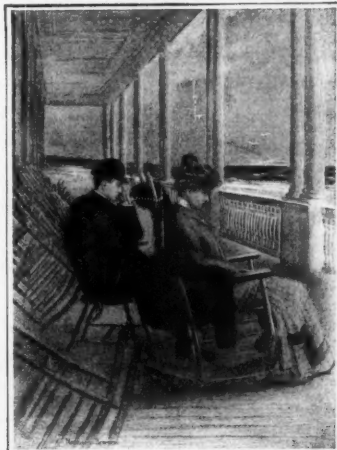
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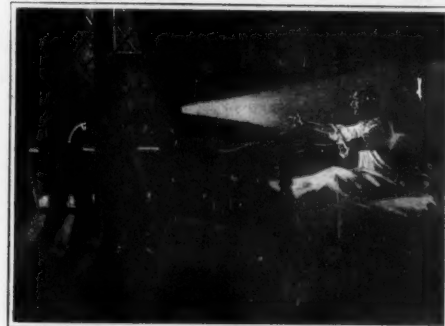
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